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Part 1: A Lovely Night

Greetings, [insert name here]! Today I'm giving you a short story that I wanted to write. I just felt like creating a *wonderful* story and here we are. Don't have much to say, but I'll explain more in the Author's Note after the story, so here are the characters in or mentioned in this part (yes, *part):*

Rosebreeze - a black she-cat with silver paws and a silver tail-tip with blue-green eyes; ForestClan warrior; mate of Hawkstrike

Hawkstrike - a dark brown tom with one white paw and amber eyes; ForestClan warrior; mate of Rosebreeze

Snakewhisker - a ginger tom with a white face and amber eyes; ForestClan deputy

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Part 1: A Lovely Night

We sit underneath the crescent moon as it hangs high in the pitch-black sky. Our warrior ancestors glitter and blink down at us as we embrace ourselves in one another. I take another long look around my surroundings--I was lying in the middle of a broad pond on a small island about three fox-lengths long with stepping stones connecting it to the main land. A small waterfall poured into the body of water, mist slightly emerging from the bottom of the cascade. The pond was surrounded by tall pine and oak and cedar trees, along with thick undergrowth hanging over the water's surface. Crickets quietly chirped and once in a while a frog would croak into the silent twilight air.

I saved the best for last--my beloved mate, Hawkstrike, the handsomest tom in all of the Clans. His dark brown pelt, and his distinctive white paw, and his gorgeous bright, amber eyes....

I love him.

My heart skips a beat and then speeds up every time I see him. The deputy of our Clan knows that we are mates--of course he does; who doesn't know we're mates?--and pairs us up together on every patrol we participate in, making the patrols more fun and interesting.

Oh! I got so excited about Hawkstrike that I completely forgot to introduce myself! My name is Rosebreeze, a name that Hawkstrike adores. He usually teases about my warrior name by plunging his nose into my fur and sniffing it, and then commenting about how wonderful and sweet it smells. I know he's just joking, but I can't help taking the complement seriously.

A soft tickle brings me back into reality. Hawkstrike had trailed the tip of his tail across my nose. I look into my mate's brilliant eyes across from me and blink lovingly. We move closer together in our curled-up ball and purr loudly at one another, enjoying the moment. A tingle goes through me as he gently licks my forehead.

"Oh, Rosebreeze," his pleasant murmur sounded, "did I ever tell you how much I love you?"

I give a *mrrow* of laughter. "Yes, my love. You tell me *every day*." I blink and continue after a few heartbeats, "But you could tell me again."

To my displeasure, the muscular tom turns his head aside and simply meows, "No."

My heart breaks a bit, but it returns to full health right away. I lean toward him a little and demand, "Tell me!"

Again, Hawkstrike refuses and shakes his head. "You'll have to make me tell you."

A mischievous look appears in my face and I quickly stand up, the grass of the minuscule island brushing against the bottom of my paws. Claws sheathed, I hop forward at the robust tom and tackle him mildly, soft enough not to hurt a hair on his luxurious pelt. I easily pin him down by forcing him to lie down on his side and placing my paws firmly on his flank.

"Tell me!" I insist, leaning closer to his face.

Hawkstrike was silent for a moment, but eventually gives a sigh and grumbles playfully, "Fine: I love you more than a kittypet loves its disgusting slop."

I heard him, but I always want to hear it again. "What was that? You're talking like you have a mouthful of feathers."

He lifts his head to stare into my blue-green eyes as he repeats more audibly, "I love you more than a kittypet loves its disgusting slop."

I go crazy at this saying. Ever since the night we became mates, only about two moons ago, he said this exact line. I laugh at it every time I hear it.

I throw myself into his warm body and cuddle with him, purring as loud as a monster roars as it speeds across the Thunderpath. We stay there until I finally notice the sun's first rays appearing though the thick branches as leaves of the forest trees. I reluctantly pull away from the soft fur and murmur, "We should probably get back to the camp, Hawkstrike. Some cats may be wondering where we are."

The beautiful dark brown tom gazes thoughtfully into my eyes for a moment, and then gets up and shakes his pelt, mumbling, "All right. Old Snakewhisker better not almost flay us again like the last time we came back from a night away from the camp. I mean, you can't blame us, can you? The camp gets crowded, especially with all of the new kits there are this newleaf. And it's nice to have some alone time."

I seductively rub my head against his shoulder as he stretches his muscles. "Aren't we going to have kits someday?" I ask him hopefully. "It would be the greatest gift a she-cat could ever have."

My mate looks at me sideways. "I want to have kits."

I give a slight chuckle and then a purr, and we look at each other's eyes until I finally break the contact and silence as I turn, trail my tail over Hawkstrike's muzzle, and hop across the stepping stones

dotted in a zigzagging line to the main land and forest. I hear the big, bulky tom rushing after me, so I speed up, now racing through the woods, skillfully dodging tree trunks and bushes and stray branches and tendrils. Once I feel like I'm safe, I pause to catch my breath and listen to my surroundings:

Birds sing down onto the forest from their perches and nests in the pine, oak, and cedar trees. The leaves rustle in the slight breeze above, making the sweet, crackling sound that I always enjoy hearing, especially during leaf-fall. But it was greenleaf at the moment, but any leaves are better than none. I hear the faint chattering of an angry squirrel--I wonder if it lost its acorn or something. I hear the caw of a crow and its flapping wings as it flew away, deeper into the mass of trees. Something else that I do not recognize reaches my ears, but before I have time to react, a heavy weight forces me to the grassy floor. Panic rising in my chest, I turn my head around as far as I can and unsheathe my claws, only to cover them again as I gladly realize who it is.

His warm breath touches my ear as he states, "You'll have to run faster than that, my love, or at least don't stop to rest in an open area--run into a bush or up a tree. But I will still find you. I'll always find you."

I stifle a purr rising in my throat and ask instead, "Can you do something else for me while you're at it? Get off of me!"

Hawkstrike leans down and licks the top of my head before he hops off of my back, jerking his head as a signal to follow. "Come on," he cheerfully meows. "Patrols are most likely being sorted out right now, and I don't want to miss that."

I bound forward to catch up with my tom--yes, *my* tom!--and lean against his flank as we walk toward the ForestClan camp, allowing our tails to twine together. I look up at him and he moves his gaze down to me, and then moves back to the path ahead. I smile and do the same, enjoying the warmth of his pelt against mine and the nature sounds all around us.

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AHHHH THE FIRST PART IS DONE YEEEEAAAAH

Anyway, I think I'm really going to enjoy doing this. And about that "part" thing in the first Author's Note... I have an idea of doing this short story in different parts. It's pretty much like little chapters, but only like 3-5 of them. I'm really excited about that.

Now I may not update or even work on this for a while, because I honestly have a bunch of projects I'm planning on doing *besides* homework. Mainly drawings and some writings. So don't be disappointed if I don't update or anything. Actually if you follow me, you would already be used to that.

I also want to start doing the word count of my stories. Like the *actual* story, not with the Author's Notes. For example, as of right *NOW,* there are 1499 words. So yeah.

Don't think I have anything else to say, but add this to your library, leave a vote, and comment about how you like this story so far, and if you have any ideas about my new "short story chapter thing" or the story itself. Oh, and if you see any errors or misspellings, be a total grammar Nazi about it XD

Hope you enjoyed, and farewell!

Word Count: 1234 (I'm not kidding. The story word count is actually *1234!)*

Part 2: Strange Actions

Hello again. I have a new schedule for me, but I doubt it will work. Worth a try though! Okay, so I think on odd days I'm doing to write and type, and then on odd days I'm going to work on my drawings. Just thought I'd share that with you guys cause I have nothing else to say. So yeah CHARACTERS:

Rosebreeze - a black she-cat with silver paws and a silver tail-tip with blue-green eyes; ForestClan warrior; mate of Hawkstrike

Hawkstrike - a dark brown tom with one white paw and amber eyes; ForestClan warrior; mate of Rosebreeze

Snakewhisker - a ginger tom with a white face and amber eyes; ForestClan deputy

Cedarfrost - a white she-cat with a black underbelly and tail-tip and dark green eyes; ForestClan warrior

Badgerstripe - a black tom with a white stripe running down his spine and dark amber eyes; ForestClan warrior; Softpaw's mentor

Softpaw - a pure white she-cat with bright blue eyes; ForestClan apprentice; Badgerstripe's apprentice

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Part 2: Strange Actions

We push through the gorse bush tunnel and appear into a flat, grassy clearing. Being in front of the exit to the tunnel, straight ahead was a massive, towering oak tree that was barely touching the thorn and bramble thicket walls that enclosed the camp area on the other side of the clearing, what we ForestClan cats call the Master Tree, where the Clan leader makes announcements. Her den is beneath the trunk, the strong roots keeping the ancient dirt from falling in and collapsing into the dug out hole.

A little ways to the left of the tree is a pile of great boulders, a large gap at the bottom easily allowing cats to quickly get in and out of the smaller clearing inside, it being the medicine den.

Further left, a flat rock came out of the ground and hovered, enabling queens and their mates to enter the nursery that was a small tunnel down into the earth, and then opening up to a cozy little area, moss and soft ferns cushioning the hard dirt floor.

To the right of the camp exit, a large bush was growing. It permits the warriors to be warm in the freezing leaf-bares, and makes us fighters ready to defend our Clan if we get a surprise attack from something, and we can hurry to protect the queens and their kits.

The apprentices' den is a few fox-lengths down the vegetation barrier, it being a bush similar to the warriors' den, but much smaller. And then the elders' den was right between the apprentices' den and the Master Tree, a vast hollow dug out from under a rotten tree trunk, but keeps the old cats' bones bearable in cold weather.

Oh! How could I forget the best part? In the center of the camp, a small pond sits, with a few lily pads floating on the water's surface. It's *amazing* at night with the skies cleared, especially when the moon is visible.

Hawkstrike leads me around the pool and towards the Master Tree, where a bunch of warriors and apprentices were gathering to hear the daily patrols. The deputy, Snakewhisker, is shouting out orders like a chirping chickadee on fire like always, but you get used to it after a while. Cats young and old walk over to their patrol as their name is called, remembering who they are with and when they are supposed to leave. At last, Snakewhisker gets to the morning hunting patrol.

"Our fresh-kill pile is getting a little short, even though it's the middle of green-leaf," the ginger tom was stating his low voice. "We haven't had a hunting patrol go out in a while. Badgerstripe"--he snapped his head toward the black tom with a white stripe running down his spine--"take your apprentice, Softpaw, along with Hawkstrike and Rosebreeze."

I nod and walk next to my mate over to where Badgerstripe and Softpaw, an uncommon, pure white she-cat for ForestClan cats, stood beside the center pond. I am a bit shocked when Snakewhisker speaks again.

"Cedarfrost, you tag along with them, too."

Next to me, still touching my flank, I feel Hawkstrike tense a little at the deputy's order. I glance at him and notice him watching Cedarfrost approach the patrol with quite interest....

No. What am I thinking? I love Hawkstrike, and Hawkstrike loves me. We are committed mates. He even said himself that he wanted to have kits with me! But at the next sentence I hear, I also hear my heart crack a bit.

"Oh, isn't it lovely that you could join the patrol, Cedarfrost?" my mate enthusiastically asks the mainly-white she-cat--still rare for a ForestClan cat.

Cedarfrost giggles and smiles, replying, "As lovely as the stars are at night. I haven't been out of camp in a while now, and it seems like a perfect day to do so."

Hawkstrike's mouth opens to say something else, but I quickly spin around toward the exit, nudging him slightly as I did. "Come on. We don't want the birds and squirrels to take cover before we find them," I meow loudly. About halfway across the clearing, Badgerstripe hurries up to take the lead, him being the leader of the patrol. I see him shoot a questionable glance at me as he passed, but I don't say anything.

The forest is dim with the sun's rays pushing through the leaves, but bright enough to spot prey easily. ForestClan cats are known for their good eyesight, excellent tracking skills, and, of course, tree-climbing. No cat from ForestClan allows a startled squirrel to flee up a tree; we chase right after them. And speaking of squirrels....

I notice a gray shape sitting in a small clearing, nibbling on an acorn. It's back is turned, and the wind is blowing its scent toward us--perfect. I turn around to tap Hawkstrike with my tail and inform

him about the soon-to-be food, but see only Badgerstripe and Softpaw standing as stiff as rocks, ears perked. I follow their gazes to see Hawkstrike creeping up on the squirrel from one side, and on the other, Cedarfrost. The same feeling as before, in the camp before we left, returned, a cold shiver running down my spine.

I watch as Hawkstrike darts for the unsuspecting squirrel and scares it, causing it to run the other way. When it was close enough, Cedarfrost shoots out from behind a holly bush and pins the squirrel, allowing it to struggle with pain and fear before it was put out of misery with a strong nip on the neck, breaking it with a small crack. Hawkstrike hops over to her, a big smile on his face.

"That was great!" he exclaimed eagerly. He bends down to examine the prey. "And a fat piece to add to the pile. Perfect catch, Cedarfrost!" He straightens up and looks into the she-cat's dark green eyes. "You're a brilliant hunter. Probably the best in all the Clans!"

Cedarfrost gives a small grin and looks down at her paws, embarrassed. "You're not too bad, yourself," she repays the compliment.

By now, my tail tip is flicking slightly, and the fur on my back is imperceptibly standing up. But Softpaw seemed to notice, because she gasps loud enough for only Badgerstripe and me to hear. I am grateful for having Badgerstripe on the patrol with me, for the reason that he pushes forward to continue the patrol.

"Let's move on," he commands like normal, attempting to make the two *supposedly* flirting cats get away from each other. "The sun must be over the horizon by now; the prey will be waking up and searching for breakfast." He twitches his whiskers in amusement as he adds, "Or waiting to become our breakfast."

We five cat hunting patrol wander through the woods for a while longer. Softpaw had found and successfully caught a rare white rabbit, which had stood out like a dog in a group of cats. But she was super happy about her catch, because it was white, like her. She'd insisted on taking it to the elders herself when it was time to have the evening meal.

I am paying extra attention to my surroundings now. I want to find the next prey first so I could tell Hawkstrike about it and have him help me kill it. And my absorption to the environment around me for any small critters paid off as I spot a thrush in the trees above, perched on a branch that was accessible from two different trees, pruning its dull brown feathers. I immediately turn to Hawkstrike and whisper loud enough for only him to hear, "There's a bird in the tree above us. You climb up that tree"--I nod to one--"and I'll go up the other."

I think I see a flicker of hesitation in my mate's amber eyes, but I shake it aside and ignore it as he nods his head as a silent agreement.

We split up and clamber up our assigned trees on either side of the still distracted thrush. Once I see Hawkstrike crouched on the tree branch connected to his tree, I nod and slowly inch forward. The bird was sitting on my branch, so I had to be extra careful not to let the branch to bounce and scare the prey off. I look across at Hawkstrike and motion my head forward, signaling for him to pounce on the thrush.

A heartbeat later, the bird was flying away through the gap between Hawkstrike and me, which I did not plan at all. I quickly jump aside and spread my paws out, reaching up, hoping to capture the fleeing prey. To my delight, I feel the soft feathers crash into my paws, and then I let gravity do the rest of the work. The thrush and I fell down from the branch, the wind whipping my fur. I feel the grass on my back paws first, so I slam down my front paws, breaking the bird's neck on the ground as it makes impact. I look over my shoulder to see Hawkstrike climbing safely back down the tree, and wonder if he was watching me, if he was impressed. I trot over to him, leaving my proudly caught fresh-kill.

"So?" is all I meow, my blue-green eyes bright with happiness and excitement.

But all he does is blink and say, "So what?"

My heart practically breaks at this reply, but I still manage to choke out, "Did you see me catch that fleeing thrush? Wasn't it awesome?

I know I'm a good hunter, but I never knew I could do something like *that!"*

He blinks his amber eyes again. "Oh, yeah, I saw that. It was good." He walks back over to where the rest of the patrol is waiting at, but I stay where I am.

Good? That's all I get? For doing *that?* When Cedarfrost caught her squirrel, all she did was hide behind a bush and appear in front of it when it tried to run away, and Hawkstrike praised her like she had just killed a badger all by herself. A brand-new apprentice could have done that!

Shh, calm down, Rosebreeze. Calm down. I take a deep breath and slowly let it out. Hawkstrike is my mate. Every cat knows that! Again, I love Hawkstrike, and Hawkstrike loves me. It's been that way for over two moons. And it will stay that way until we go to StarClan--no, it will continue when we do get to StarClan. Our love for each other will never end.

I hope.

"Come on, Rosebreeze, we're going back to camp!"

Softpaw's enthusiastic high-pitched meow brings me back to reality. "Coming!" I yowl back at the departing patrol, already several fox-lengths away. I grab my thrush and hurry to catch up to them, but something slows my tracks:

Hawkstrike and Cedarfrost were walking side-by-side, murmuring to each other, their pelts barely brushing the other. Barely, but still brushing.

My heart fully breaks. The fur on my back begins to rise; my claws peek out of their sheathes; my heart starts pounding rapidly.

The love of my life... is in love with someone else?

~*~*~*~*~*~

I'm still loving writing this mini-book thing. Still 5 parts planned! And I would love to make more of these, too!

I still don't have much to say, so yeah...

How are you liking this so far? Leave it in the comments, add this to your library to know when I update it, and don't forget to leave a vote! Please tell me if you see any errors or if something looks wrong. Check out some of my other works, as well (a lot if not all of them are Warrior Cats related). See you next update (whenever that is)!

Word Count: 1831

Part 3: Doubts and Jealousy

Ava'yorn, vorel xiekiv! Or, rather in your language, Hello, beautiful person! (Sorry. It's just that I'm kinda into learning Draconic :P) I didn't really have inspiration to write this part, so it's kind of 'forced writing' is what I'm gonna call it. It's short, and is basically just talking. I'm still planning 5 parts, so just think of this part as a 'filler in.'

Also, it's Spring Break for me right now (SPRING BREAK DEADLOX FTW) and I'm hoping to finish this by Monday. I have another longer book that I'd like to start on when this is done. I'm excited for it :D There's nothing else to say so,

CHARACTERS:

Rosebreeze - a black she-cat with silver paws and a silver tail-tip with blue-green eyes; ForestClan warrior; mate of Hawkstrike

Hawkstrike - a dark brown tom with one white paw and amber eyes; ForestClan warrior; mate of Rosebreeze

Cedarfrost - a white she-cat with a black underbelly and tail-tip and dark green eyes; ForestClan warrior

Badgerstripe - a black tom with a white stripe running down his spine and dark amber eyes; ForestClan warrior; Softpaw's mentor

Softpaw - a pure white she-cat with bright blue eyes; ForestClan apprentice; Badgerstripe's apprentice

Duskfeather - a black she-cat with a splash of white on her nose and green eyes; ForestClan elder

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Part 3: Doubts and Jealousy

We push through the gorse tunnel to the camp and march straight

to the fresh-kill pile, which was a little ways to the side of the Master Tree, and deposit our catches. The cats of ForestClan were already crowding around the pile for the noon meal, either sharing with another cat or eating individually.

"Can I *please* take my rabbit to the elders, Badgerstripe?" Softpaw asks, mumbling around the tufts of fur in her mouth and jumping slightly up and down in her eagerness. "I heard that Duskfeather *loves* rabbit. "Her mentor only nods and the overly-excited apprentice dashes off toward the elders' hollow underneath the fallen tree trunk.

I start letting go of my thrush, but swiftly snatch it again and turn toward Hawkstrike. Before Cedarfrost gets the chance to ask him, I offer, "Want to share the thrush that you and I caught?"

I was expecting him to reply back to me something like, "I'd love to!" or "It would be an honor!" But instead, he only glances at Cedarfrost, who was busy nudging through the different varieties of prey thankfully, gives a hesitant nod, and a simple "Sure."

I lead the way across the clearing, away from everyone else, keeping close to Hawkstrike to make sure he doesn't try to leave me or anything. Yes, I want to eat with him, but my main reason right now is to figure out what in StarClan's name is getting into him. I thought that *I* am is one and only love for him? The only one that can make him happy?

We settle down in the space between the entrance to the nursery and the warriors' bush under a span of fronds hovering above the ground, making a shaded area from the sun. I bow my head and mumble, "Thank you, StarClan, for this food. You have been feeding us well this season." Then I breathe so softly that an ant right next to my mouth couldn't be able to hear me, "And please let this talk go well. You know I love Hawkstrike with all my heart, but I can't help but feel paranoid. I need your help. Please." I raise my head, glance at the cloud-streaked sky, and take a small bite out of the thrush. Hawkstrike mimics me, taking a bigger bite than me. We are silent for a few long moments, but that was enough time for me to bring up enough courage to actually start the conversation.

"So, Hawkstrike," I slowly begin, picking my words out carefully, "you did a great job hunting just now. I mean, helping me with that--or, *this,* I suppose--thrush that was on the branch. That was brilliant."

He nods and responds, "You did well, too." With this, my heart lifts a little, but then it falls right down again as he continues. "But did you see Cedarfrost? She was *legendary!* So strategic, so sneaky. Amazing!" He turns to face me. "What do you think of her? She's probably the best hunter in the Clan."

I glance sideways and hesitantly reply, "Th-that's actually what I wanted to talk to you about, Hawkstrike." I notice his excited expression change into a confused one. "I think you're over-reacting about how Cedarfrost caught that squirrel. And... I think you are paying too much attention to her."

Confusion swirled in Hawkstrike's amber eyes. "What are you talking about, Rosebreeze? She's just another Clanmate who is a good friend to me. That's all."

I narrow my eyes at him and then look away. "More than 'good friends' if you'd ask me."

I look back at him for a second before I look away again, seeing his eyes wide with shock and his mouth gaping, to my happiness. "You think that I *like* Cedarfrost?" he asks, his voice high-pitched. "Rosebreeze, I told you, we're just friends! I like you--no." I glance at him again with surprise, but he seemed to be hoping for that, because he touches his nose with mine and murmurs, "I *love* you. You and only you."

We stare into each other's eyes, our noses still touching. I feel transfixed by his amber orbs, and see nothing but love sparkling in them. Maybe I was wrong? Maybe Hawkstrike does only see Cedarfrost as a friend?

I feel like a badger was just lifted off of my back as I lean forward and push my nose into Hawkstrike's shoulder fur, breathing in his sweet, foresty scent. "I'm sorry I doubted you, my dearest love," I purr, muffled by the hair. I pull away. "How could I be so stupid?

Thinking that my mate loves someone else? StarClan, call me a mouse-brain!"

I return to eating the thrush alongside my mate Hawkstrike. We start chatting about the Clan and tell stories that happen throughout the day when we aren't together--which isn't a lot. I keep on glancing at him every now and then, admiring his dark brown pelt and glistening amber eyes. Love is still in his eyes, and he is now talking vigorously to me, the cat that he loves.

In all of my excitement, I think I see him glance over at Cedarfrost a couple times across the clearing, but I figured I was just imagining it. He just confessed his love for me again, for the hundredth time. I am the only cat that he loves.

When we finish the thrush, we lie down together, him lying on his side behind me, and then me on my side, back touching his soft belly. My head is tucked under his chin, and his chin is touching the top of my head. It feels amazing and so comforting. I close my eyes and then open them again after a while and scan the cats still in the clearing--two apprentices were practicing their battle moves on each other outside their bush; three kits were playing moss-ball together near the nursery, their mother watching a few tail-lengths away; some warriors were finishing up their meal or sharing tongues around the fresh-kill pile. One of the warriors catches my eye and stands out among the rest--Cedarfrost.

The mainly-white she-cat was lying next to the pile, her dark green eyes staring across the clearing at Hawkstrike and me. I notice her black-tipped tail flicking fiercely side-to-side, and her eyes were narrowed, as if in...

Hatred and jealousy.

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Like I said before, this a short part and was pretty much 'forced written.' Don't really like it, but it's done. Next part will be a lot more interesting and exciting, and maybe even surprising >:D

Don't forget to vote (I forget a lot so that's why I'm reminding you) and comment on how you're liking this short story so far, and maybe tell me what you think is going to happen. You may check out my other works, most if not all of them being Warrior Cats related. Add this to your library to be notified when I next update (which I hope is going to be Saturday). With nothing else to say, Bensvelk veyet'toon, or Good bye!

Word Count: 1040 (so short sad face)

Part 4: Falling Apart

EDIT 3/22/14 Okay guys, I've noticed that this part has more reads than Part 2 and 3. So if you haven't read any of the previous parts yet, I recommend you to read those before this part, same with any other parts. It'll make more sense! Thank you!

Ava'yorn! Hello! Okay, before you begin reading: Yes, I know that I said that I would like to update on Saturday (March 15th) and it is Wednesday (March 19th). All I have to say is that I'm sorry, and that I will most likely not promise something like that anymore xD. I'm only a seventh grader, so I have homework, other things I want/need to work on, and, oh, family. Nothing else to say but 'sorry!' ...Enjoy the part that you've been waiting for! :D

CHARACTERS (woo there's a lot but only 3 are important yea)

Rosebreeze - a black she-cat with silver paws and a silver tail-tip with blue-green eyes; ForestClan warrior; mate of Hawkstrike

Hawkstrike - a dark brown tom with one white paw and amber eyes; ForestClan warrior; mate of Rosebreeze; in love with Cedarfrost

Cedarfrost - a white she-cat with a black underbelly and tail-tip and dark green eyes; ForestClan warrior; in love with Hawkstrike

Snakewhisker - a ginger tom with a white face and amber eyes; ForestClan deputy

Badgerstripe - a black tom with a white stripe running down his spine and dark amber eyes; ForestClan warrior; Softpaw's mentor

Softpaw - a pure white she-cat with bright blue eyes; ForestClan

apprentice; Badgerstripe's apprentice

Jayflower - a blue-tinged she-cat with light blue eyes; ForestClan warrior (guard)

Russetleaf - a red-furred she-cat with green eyes; ForestClan warrior

Squirrelclaw - a gray tom with white patches of fur and amber eyes; ForestClan warrior

Voletooth - a brown tom with amber eyes; ForestClan warrior

Sunstream - a ginger she-cat with shining blue eyes; ForestClan warrior; Applepaw's mentor

Applepaw - a black tom dappled with white and brown with green eyes; ForestClan apprentice; Sunstream's apprentice

Fawnstar - a pale ginger she-cat with a black chest and light green eyes; ForestClan leader

Ivyflame - an orange and white she-cat with amber eyes; ForestClan warrior

Dawnbird - a cream-colored she-cat with blue eyes; ForestClan warrior

Bramblepool - a white-and-brown tabby she-cat with green eyes; ForestClan warrior

(okay good it's done)

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Part 4: Falling Apart

It is now night, and everyone in the camp is getting ready to go to sleep. Hawkstrike and I lie down close to each other in our nests, which were positioned close to the center of the crowd of nests, and twine our tails together lovingly. I lean close to him and feel his warm breath on my nose, and ask him sweetly, "Do you want to go

to the Moonlight Pond tonight?" The Moonlight Pond is what we call the place where we go to almost every night. I pray that he does want to come, because after what I thought and what happened earlier today, I feel like we need some alone time.

But to my great disappointment, he shakes his head and lays it down, closing his eyes as he explains, "I'm sorry, Rosebreeze, but I'm just too tired. We stayed up all night last night. We should really get some sleep."

I think about it for a moment longer, preparing to protest and try to convince him to go, but I give in to him instead. "All right, I guess you are right. But we're going hunting with just us tomorrow, then."

Hawkstrike nods sleepily and mumbles what I think is an 'okay,' and then seems to fall asleep a heartbeat later. I set my head down and close my eyes, attempting to go to sleep.

A picture of a forest forms in my mind, and two blurred shapes ahead are walking, touching each other. I hear soft giggles and confident purrs full of love echoing around the area, bouncing off trees and bushes. I soon notice that I could move, so I rush forward toward the two figures, wanting desperately to find out who they are. As I get closer, the shapes lose their blur and reveal two cats walking side by side, tails entwined, and every now and then they nudge each other with their noses. A sickening feeling grows in my stomach as one of the cats bore a familiar dark brown pelt. The other is a pure-white coat with a black tail-tip, from what I can see from behind. A thought instantly appears in my mind:

Hawkstrike and Cedarfrost.

As I think that, the two stop and look behind them at me, both wearing disgusted and unwelcoming expressions.

"Why in StarClan's name are *you* here?" Cedarfrost snarls, her dark green eyes narrowed with hatred. She glances over to the tom. "Hawkstrike, I thought you no longer liked this pitiful she-cat. I was considering that I was your mate now."

"You his mate?" I squeak unexpectedly. What is happening right

now?

"She's right, Rosebreeze," Hawkstrike growls lowly. "You're not the one who I love; Cedarfrost is." I open my mouth to protest, but he quickly continues to prevent me from speaking. "I made a huge mistake asking you to be my mate two moons ago. And having kits with you? Pfft." He turns to Cedarfrost, and his gaze transforms right away into love. "But having Cedarfrost being the mother to my kits.... It's all I ever wanted."

The mainly-white she-cat stares into Hawkstrike's amber eyes, love bubbling in them, and then snaps her head toward me again, her green orbs blazing in anger once more. "You hear that, Rosebreeze? Hawkstrike wants *me,* not you. And if you ever take him away from me--even just *try*--I will get him back. My way."

A heartbeat later, the white she-cat had raised a paw, claws unsheathed and out as far as they could be, and threw it toward me, toward my face....

My eyes snap open as the painless blow landed on my muzzle, my heart pounding and eyes wider than a scared rabbit's. I swiftly glance over to where Hawkstrike's nest is, only to have my condition worsen. His nest is empty. I place my paw on the comfy moss and ferns and feel no warmth from them, meaning that he had left quite a while ago. I scan the whole warriors' den's nests and see two others empty--one being the cat's nest who is guarding the camp entrance, and one being Cedarfrost's. I can't help but feel despair. Is my dream coming true? And in a *bad, horrifying* way?

I rapidly dodge the sleeping cats scattered around the den and hurry out into the deserted clearing. The sky is clear--not a single puff of a cloud in sight. The stars are shining brightly, and the crescent moon representing a glowing claw. I feel transfixed by the beautiful sky for a moment, but then come back to my senses, to what is happening right now--Hawkstrike and Cedarfrost are out in the forest right now, and I have a painful feeling that I know where.

I burst out of the gorse tunnel, ignoring the questions Jayflower, an uncommon blue-tinged she-cat who was guarding the entrance, is throwing at me. I race through the forest hastily, wanting to reach

Hawkstrike and Cedarfrost before anything else bad could happen. I slow down as I near the private Moonlight Pond and crouch forward. Ducking underneath bracken fronds and dodging bramble tendrils, I eventually make it to the edge of the pond, still covered in the undergrowth around me.

And I see them. Hawkstrike and Cedarfrost. My mate and a now nemesis, lying together on the small island in the middle of the pond, the same island that I was on with Hawkstrike. And now he is on it again, but with a different cat. A cat who is not me.

I begin to get dizzy at what my brain is trying to process, and I lie down to steady myself, to keep myself from falling into the water and to unwillingly reveal myself to the two I am spying on. Spying... I'd never thought that I would be spying on my mate, let alone a Clanmate. I am on the opposite side of the waterfall, which I am thankful for, so I can hear what the two cats are saying to each other without any problem. But I'm not sure yet if I want to hear this or not.

"Oh, Hawkstrike, just tell the annoying she-cat you call your mate to get lost," Cedarfrost was meowing, looking at the tom with quite interest. "You know I can replace her, and I know that you want to have me for a mate."

Hawkstrike is looking at Cedarfrost the same way, and I feel my fur on my neck begin to rise. "You know what? Maybe I should. I mean, it's only been two moons, not that long that we've been mates. And, if I know her, then she would understand that I like other cats, too."

He doesn't know me. Right now, I'm digging my claws into the ground to keep myself from attacking them right on the spot, and clamping my mouth shut to keep me from yowling and wailing out of anger and sadness. I thought Hawkstrike loved *me? Not* that aggravating she-cat! My dream rushes back to me, and I flatten my ears. What if that is true? What if Hawkstrike actually does not want to see me again? No... that *cannot* be true. But with what is taking place at this moment, right in front of me....

I snap out of my hair-raising thoughts as Cedarfrost starts speaking. "Then tell her tomorrow if you think she'll 'understand.' You two

will only last two moons, while you and I will last a lifetime."

I can't help but feel more infuriated at what this agitator is doing. She *knows* that Hawkstrike loves me... right? I wait for Hawkstrike's response.

"I'll think about it, Cedarfrost," the dark brown tom replies slowly. "Even if Rosebreeze understands, it will still take her a while to get used to the change and accept it."

You got that right, I hiss in my mind. It will either take a while, or never.

~

I am back in my nest after I hurried to reach camp before Hawkstrike and Cedarfrost. For the rest of the night, I couldn't get to sleep. I didn't want to sleep. I'm scared for what nightmares will invade my mind when I fall asleep, but some of the nightmares are starting to appear in my head even as I lay awake here with my eyes staring blankly at random places in the warriors' den.

I hear a rustle at the entrance to the den and narrow my eyes so that it seems like I'm sleeping, but I could still slightly see what is going on. Two figures enter the den and reluctantly split up to go to their separated nests. Hawkstrike curls up in his nest next to me and closes his eyes immediately. He did look like he was sleeping, but I could almost hear the thoughts in his mind about what he was going to do about me and Cedarfrost. I strain my ears a bit and hear Cedarfrost's soft purr, still from the Moonlight Pond and possibly the walk back with Hawkstrike. I force myself to close my eyes fully, knowing that I should get some sleep before dawn, preparing myself for the nightmares that are bound to come.

~

I open my eyes and blink to get the sleep out of them, scanning the warriors' den--only two other warriors remained, one stirring and waking up, the other still fast asleep. I look at Russetleaf, the red-furred she-cat who was waking up, as her head pops up and glances at the sleeping cat.

"I'll wake him up," she groans as she crosses the den toward the brown tom. She bends down and hisses in his ear, "Squirrelclaw, get up!" After that she cuffs his ear and turns away to pad out of the den, knowing she has done her work successfully. I glance at Squirrelclaw and give him a smirk before I follow Russetleaf out into the clearing.

The camp is bustling with action--the dawn patrol had come back and was reporting to Fawnstar, the leader of ForestClan; apprentices have the job of cleaning out the elders' and queens' bedding, and they were all pretty much complaining, except for Softpaw, being the spunky, excited ball of fur she is; Snakewhisker, the deputy, is surrounded by warriors and some apprentices who were lucky to get out of cleaning while he organized the daily hunting patrols. I skim the pond in the middle of the camp and reach the crowd.

"Voletooth, lead Sunstream and Applepaw on the hunting patrol this morning," Snakewhisker commands. "You may leave now. And Ivyflame, you will lead Dawnbird and Bramblepool in the evening hunting patrol." I thought he was done, so I turn to leave, only to be called back. "Rosebreeze, you might as well lead another hunting patrol now. Take Cedarfrost and Hawkstrike with you."

I look at the deputy with wide eyes with fear and anger swirling in them. *This can't be happening,* I meow in my mind. *I can't do this!*

I quickly react. "Uh, Snakewhisker? I don't mind being on a patrol, but can I...not...be on...this one?" I slowed down because now every cat is staring at me, making my fur prick in embarrassment. But I don't care--I *cannot* be on this patrol with these two cats.

Snakewhisker is staring at me with great confusion in his face. "But, Rosebreeze, I thought that you and Hawkstrike always want to be on patrols together?" He blinks, his eyes now full of concern. "Did... something happen between you two?"

I don't seem to find my voice now. I look at the ground and painfully wait for someone to do something.

And that someone is Cedarfrost.

"Hey, Rosebreeze, why don't we just go on the patrol?" the white-and-black she-cat suggests. She had come to my side, and I'm unpleasantly aware of our flanks touching. "Hawkstrike can stay here in camp and just do what he wants." She turns her head toward the dark brown tom. "Is that fine with you, Hawkstrike?"

He looks at Snakewhisker as if asking for permission and then nods. "I'll see you later, then." I am acutely aware that that phrase was directed at Cedarfrost.

I don't have time to say anything else before Cedarfrost hurries me out of the camp. We walk side by side through the forest, which looks green from the light shining through the leaves above. I take a deep breath of the fresh air and, for a moment, forget all of my worries and troubles. But then Cedarfrost taps her tail on my shoulder and forces me back into reality.

"See that hazel bush over there?" she whispers close to my ear. "I thought I saw a mouse near it. Why don't you check and see if there is one there?"

I nod my agreement and crouch toward the bush, coming around the side of it. I circle it and sniff, trying to find the mouse that Cedarfrost had claimed she saw. But once I circle the bush a second time, I did not catch one trace of a mouse. I turn back to where Cedarfrost was and open my mouth to tell her that I didn't see anything, only to close my mouth again. My eyes widen a little as I do not see the she-cat where she was waiting a few heartbeats before. "Cedarfrost?" I ask the empty area.

For a response, I hear a hiss and then a heavy weight landing on my back. The sudden weight causes my legs to buckle from underneath me and forces me to the ground. I feel a paw push my head to the ground, claws unsheathed and slightly digging into my skin. Another paw is placed on my back. I try struggling to see who my attacker is, but I am pinned too well to move. But the voice is good enough for me to recognize who it is.

"Stay away from Hawkstrike, Rosebreeze!" Cedarfrost hisses fiercely, her saliva sprinkling on top of my head. "He loves me, *not* you!" Her grip tightens on my head, and I feel a small trickle of

blood drip down the side of my head. I try to get up, and I successfully get a couple whisker-lengths off the ground, only to have my head slammed down again. "And to keep you away from him," Cedarfrost continues, "I will kill you."

Right away, I use all my strength to roll away from this insane she-cat and scramble to my feet. The mainly-white she-cat hisses in rage and throws herself at me, but I swiftly dodge the ball of fur, scraping her side as she passes. Cedarfrost tumbles to the ground, only to get up almost immediately and launch herself at me, paws out in front, letting out a ferocious yowl. This time I am too slow, and my opponent crashes into my chest, her thorn-sharp claws digging into my skin, and causes me to go flying backwards until my back slams into a tree. I gasp for breath, and in that moment, Cedarfrost began scraping my chest, blood quickly welling up and making my black fur sticky.

"Good bye, Rosebreeze," Cedarfrost hisses as she continues to claw me, an evil grin placed on her face.

My vision begins to dim, and my heart in pounding, the only thing I can hear besides the ripping of my skin. Just when I believe I am done, a shadow flashed across my sites. I blink once and then Cedarfrost, my attacker, was gone. She isn't scraping me anymore. I only glance around my surroundings once and then jolt away from that monstrous area and deeper into the forest. Once I felt safe enough and that no one was following me, I quickly clamber up a large oak tree and cling to a branch close to the middle of the tree, huddling against the trunk. I warily lean over the branch to look down onto the forest floor below, searching for any cat that might have followed me, especially Cedarfrost.

That crazy she-cat tricked me into going out alone. She betrayed me, her Clanmate, attacked me, and attempted to kill me! All because... she wants Hawkstrike... for herself?

I lean against the trunk of the tree again, using it to help me prevent myself from falling. My head is spinning with all the thoughts in my head, and it doesn't help that my blood is pouring out of me. I glance down at my chest. It does not look that bad, but that's because my black fur is disguising the red fluid. My entire

chest is stinging, and my gaze is still dimmed. I need help.

But I *know* that I can't go down there. Not yet. What if Cedarfrost is down there, waiting for me to foolishly leave the tree so she could finish me in a single swipe, ready to claim Hawkstrike as her own...?

I shake my head and notice a few drops of blood flying off the top and land on the rough bark of the tree. Great, my head is bleeding, too. I lie down on the tree branch, my belly resting along the branch while one front paw and one back paw hung off the edge. My chin rests on my paw that's on the branch, and I close my blue-green eyes, needing the rest.

My blue-green eyes... the small orbs in my head that Hawkstrike likes to admire every day... err, *liked.* I shake my head. *Stop!* I scold myself. *He doesn't care about you anymore; he cares about Cedarfrost.... If he hates me, then I need to hate him!*

I squeeze my eyes shut and try to go to sleep again, but my thoughts and my miniature dreams before I suddenly awaken are swarming about images of Hawkstrike and everything about him. I open my eyes again and bang my forehead on the bark in frustration.

Hate Hawkstrike? This is going to be harder than I thought....

~*~*~*~*~*~

EYY! I FINALLY DID IT!! AREN'T YOU PROUD OF ME?!

Well, anyway, I don't know about you, but I think this part *deserves a foxdung vote.* Am I right or am I write? Eh eh? Whatever.

Make sure to comment on how you're liking the story so far, and what you think is going to happen. One more part to go!!

Oh and think about that vote thing again... Do me a favor and scroll down to the word count real quick please. Did you see it? *That's basically the reason why this part took soo foxdung loooong.* But I'm glad I wrote it! This is really fun, and look

forward to the book that's going to happen sometime after this one is finished! (It's about dragons. That's all I'm gonna say >:3)

Sorry again about not updating as soon as I'd thought I would... hehe...

Bensvelk veyet'toon! Good bye!

Word Count: 2941 (longest one yet, right?)

Part 5: A True Lover's Heart

Ava'yorn! Hello! This is the last part for "Me, or Her?". It's been super fun writing it though! I like these 5 part stories--they're not too long, and they don't take forever to write (even though I may procrastinate sometimes...) Nothing else to say again

CHARACTERS:

Rosebreeze - a black she-cat with silver paws and a silver tail-tip with blue-green eyes; ForestClan warrior; mate of Hawkstrike

Hawkstrike - a dark brown tom with one white paw and amber eyes; ForestClan warrior; mate of Rosebreeze; in 'love' with Cedarfrost

Cedarfrost - a white she-cat with a black underbelly and tail-tip and dark green eyes; ForestClan warrior; in love with Hawkstrike

~*~*~*~*~*~

Part 5: A True Lover's Heart

I had eventually drifted to sleep in spite of my troubles and racing thoughts. But it wasn't peaceful.

My dreams were filled with nightmares about Cedarfrost attacking me, Hawkstrike rejecting me for Cedarfrost, and then became worse with *Hawkstrike* attacking me. I've never been more terrified before in my life, even when the territory was invaded with three full grown badgers.

What wakes me is a slight breeze that shakes the branch I am lying on. I lift my head and look down at the forest floor and then up at the sky--it is dark, and stars are shining brightly. The crescent moon is hidden behind some thin clouds trailing across the sky, making it seem a little spooky. It is still a ways off until dawn arrives.

I feel restless, so I warily scramble down the tree and hop onto the

forest floor, making sure no cat was still waiting for me before I ventured out. My mind is still swarming with thoughts, and I let my feet take me where ever through the woods. I trample though some bramble tendrils, but I barely even notice or feel the sting of the cuts. Too much is happening right now!

As I keep on padding, I am acutely aware of the sound of water pouring, and before I know it, I am in the middle of the Moonlight Pond, standing on the minute island in the center of the body of water. The realization of where my paws instinctively took me shocks me so much that I almost tumble head-first into the pond, but I catch myself a whisker-length from the water. I back away slowly from the still surface and crouch in the middle of the piece of land, glancing around my surroundings.

The area is as beautiful as it always was, even if the sky isn't clear. The waterfall is still pouring down its infinite water, mist lightly appearing from the bottom of it; lily pads are dotted across the calm surface; the croak of a frog sounds every now and then. It's perfect.

It *would* be perfect. If Hawkstrike were here. And not with Cedarfrost....

I shake my head so fiercely to get the thought out of my mind I become a bit off-balanced and lean over, my side now lying on the ground.

I feel miserable now. More miserable than before. I feel too weak to lift myself up to my paws again. I just want to lie here, and die... I cover my muzzle with my paw and whimper to no one in particular softly, "Why me? What have I ever done to deserve this? I've found my one true love, the only cat who I care about more than my Clanmates, and he doesn't love me the way I love him. He abandoned me. *Deserted* me...." I shuffle a bit to get more comfortable. "Why?"

I squeeze my eyes shut and just wish for everything bad to disappear. It felt like a season before I opened them again--only because I sense someone's approach. I turn my head towards the newcomer and shoot up. But once I recognize who it is, it feels like my legs just turn to flimsy leaves and causes me to plunge right into

the perfectly calm water out of shock.

Water filled my mouth as I sink deeper into the pond, my fur dragging me down. I rapidly paddle my paws to move upward, but to my horror it does not work. My lungs are now screaming for air, and I can't help thinking that this is it. *Am I going to die* this *way? Drowning in a pond? StarClan, not like this!*

Just when I am about to open my mouth to breathe in the air that isn't there, I feel a tug at my scruff, and realize that I am being pulled up to the top. Once I break the surface I flail my front legs everywhere, making waves to disrupt the silent pool, trying to stay afloat. I am dragged through the water towards the island and scramble up on to the still land, crouching in the middle and coughing up water that I had swallowed. It isn't until a few long moments of struggling to breathe and get everything straight that I finally look up at the being standing patiently in front of me, anger slightly rising in my chest.

"Hawkstrike," I ask, a growl escaping from my throat, "what are *you* doing here?"

The muscular and handsome tom only shrugs. "Saving you, apparently."

We stare at each other for what felt like a whole moon, my anger increasing, mixed with a feeling of love, which I don't understand. It's usually hate or love, isn't it? Why am I feeling both right now? I eventually yowl out at him, fiercer than I intend, "Why did you leave me? What happened to us? How could you just forsake me like that?"

His amber eyes widen a bit and his ears twitch, clearly astounded. "Rosebreeze, what are you talking about? I never left you!"

I narrow my blue-green eyes, deeply hurt. "You never left me, you say? What about you and Cedarfrost, hm? You two seem to like each other a lot... and you seem to care about *her* more than *me*."

It only takes a heartbeat for Hawkstrike to realize what I am saying. "You think that I *love Cedarfrost?"* he screeches. "Rosebreeze, that's

mouse-brained! I love *you,* and only *you."*

I stay silent and let him continue.

"Cedarfrost and I were just becoming good friends these past days, nothing special. I have no other feeling for any other cat but you--don't you understand that?"

"Then why were you two here at night?" I whimper.

I had expected him to be very surprised, but his expression does not even waver. "I was protecting you." He must have seen my face change to a really confused one, because he turns to the stepping stones and commands, "Follow me and you'll understand. You have to understand."

I reluctantly follow Hawkstrike over the stones and through the woods to the ForestClan camp. Before we reached the entrance, the brown tom halts in his step, me almost bumping into him. "What's the matter?" I ask before a mainly-white cat appears into my view from in front of Hawkstrike. I gasp as I recognize the she-cat right away, my fur bristling.

Cedarfrost's fur is sticking up as well, her claws digging into the soft dirt beneath. "Hawkstrike," she meows, clearly attempting to keep the growling out of her voice, "why is she here? I thought we were going to go hunting together. *Alone"*

Hawkstrike takes in a deep breath before meowing, "Not today, Cedarfrost. And not ever again. We are *done.* No longer friends."

Cedarfrost's dark green eyes grow wide. *"What?* Hawkstrike, I thought you loved me! I love you!"

The dark brown tom shakes his head. "I was actually, unfortunately, forming a small bond with you.... I was blind." He turns to face me. "Rosebreeze is the one who I love, the one who is right for me."

Cedarfrost is frozen with shock. "B-but... I thought you loved *me...."*

Hawkstrike's next reply shocks both of us. "And I thought you would never attack a Clanmate."

"You know about that?" we she-cat yowl simultaneously.

He nods. "I followed you two when you went out hunting without me." He turns toward Cedarfrost. "When you told me to stay in the camp and asked Rosebreeze to go with you, I knew something was up. I saw everything that happened. After the fight happened, I hurried back to the camp so you two wouldn't have noticed me gone."

Everyone is quiet for a long moment, until I break the silence by asking, "So why were you two at the Moonlight Pond? Hawkstrike, you said that you were protecting me."

"And I was," he responds. "Cedarfrost told me that if I didn't go to the Pond with her that night, she was going to attack you, and was hoping to kill you." He sends a glare over to the she-cat, a look I have never seen on his face. "She did it anyway."

Fury is flaming in Cedarfrost's eyes now. "Because that fox-hearted ball of fur has everything I want! Especially *you! I want you, Hawkstrike!"*

Hawkstrike takes a heavy step forward and hisses, "Don't you *dare* talk about my mate like that. And you are not the one I want--Rosebreeze is." He throws a loving look at me. "And I know that I am the one that she wants too."

Cedarfrost is now whipping her tail back and forth, her claws tearing at the grass. A heartbeat later she jumps at me, but hits Hawkstrike instead as he hurried in front of me, guarding me. He pushes Cedarfrost off of him and pins her to the ground, one powerful paw pressing her neck to the ground.

"Lay one more claw on my mate," he growls fiercer than ever, spitting on her face, "and I will rip your throat out."

All I am doing is standing to the side, staring at Hawkstrike with wide eyes and mouth gaping open. I have *never* seen my mate like this before, not even in battles with other Clans or threatening animals. And he's doing this *to protect me.* A feeling of emotions swells in my chest.

Hawkstrike continues. "Either that, or leave the Clans. I suppose you are allowed to stay in ForestClan, but if you do anything to either Rosebreeze or me, you are done. *Forever.* Your choice."

He slowly lifts his paw off of Cedarfrost's throat, and the she-cat struggles to breath in the air she badly needs. After a round of coughing, she scrambles up, glances a look full of fear, anger, and regret at both of us, and then races off into the forest, disappearing from view within heartbeats. I turn toward Hawkstrike.

"You... you did that, for me?" I ask in a soft murmur.

Hawkstrike nods once. "I'm so sorry for what happened."

"But none of it was your fault!" I insist.

"Yeah, but didn't you hear me? I said that I had some feelings for Cedarfrost."

I nuzzle his cheek with my nose. "You *had.* Not anymore. And thank you for saving me there. Thank you for everything." I look back at the place where we last saw Cedarfrost. "I wonder where she'll go now?"

Hawkstrike shakes his head. "Doesn't matter. The only thing that does is that you are safe, and that we are together. Forever."

~*~*~*~*~*~

Awww it's over D: But I still loved writing this!

So, tell me in the comments below, what was your favorite part of the story? Do you have a favorite character? Any opinions on a character? Let me know!

To replace this story, I am going to be working on a dragon book very soon (hopefully start next week but no promises!) so if you want to know when that's going to come out, you are welcomed to follow me.

Make sure to comment, vote, share, and maybe even check out my other works! Most of them are Warrior Cats related at the

moment.

Vinxa! Thank you! Bensvelk veyet'toon! Good bye! <3

Word Count: 1721

THERE'S A SEQUEL!!!!!

Hello, everyone!! Long time no see on this story!

First off, thank you all SO MUCH for supporting this short story like you are! As of when I'm typing this, this story has the most reads out of any other of my works, and is second in votes. It really does mean a lot to know that people read what I come up on my own in my mind and actually *enjoy* it. Thank you all!!!

But the main reason for me adding a sixth part onto this 5-part story is that there is INDEED a SEQUEL!! It is titled as "Hate, or Love?", obviously following the same format as "Me, or Her?". It also takes place almost directly after this story, but...

Wait for it...

IT'S IN CEDARFROST'S POV!!!

Yes, *Cedarfrost,* that she-cat who most of you came to hate at the end of this story! I was actually very pleased and happy that I could create a character who people learn to hate, as I saw by most of your comments xD That also gave me the idea to make this sequel in the first place. We can now all see how Cedarfrost feels about all these occurrences, and what happens after she leaves her Clan!

Again, thank you, every single one of you! I never expected to have this short story to get as far as it has! I hope all of you enjoy the sequel just as much as you did this one :]